

C. A. MORTON

MADISONVILLE, KY.

Funeral Director and Embalmer

Any Call Answered Promptly Day or Night.

Miss Minerva and William Green Hill



By
FRANCES BOYD CALHOUN

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"I ain't going to be 'ticed into no meanness, 'cause I'm so good," continued the reformed one, after a short silence during which he had seen Sarah Jane turn her back to him, "but I don't b'lieve it'll be no harm 'fust to come over and set in the swing with you; maybe I can 'suenoe you to be good like me and keep you from 'ticing little boys into mischief. I think I'll just come over and set a while and help you to be good," and he started to the fence. Sarah Jane turned around in time to frustrate his plans.

"You git right back, Jimmy," she yelled, "you git erway from dat-er fence an' quit confabbin' wid dat-er Willyum. Fik'n' to make some mo' injuns out o' yo-self, ain't yeh, or some yuther kin' o' skeercrows?"

Billy strolled to the other side of the big yard and climbed up and got on the tall gate post. A stranger, coming from the opposite direction, stopped and spoke to him.

"Does Mr. John Smith live here?" he asked.

"Naw, sir," was the reply; "don't no Mr. 'tall live here; jest me an' Aunt Minerva, an' she turns up her nose at anything that wears pants."

"And where could I find your Aunt Minerva?" the stranger's grin was infuriating and agreeable.

"Why, this here's Monday," the little boy exclaimed. "Of course she's at the Aid; all the 'omans run' here goes to the Aid on Monday."

"Your aunt is an old friend of mine," went on the man, "and I knew she was at the Aid. I just wanted to find out if you'd tell the truth about her. Some little boys tell stories, but I am glad to find out you are so truthful. My name is Mr. Algernon Jones and I'm glad to know you. Shake! Put it there, partner," and the fascinating stranger held out a grimy paw.

Billy smiled down from his perch at him and thought he had never met

such a pleasant man. It was such an old friend of his aunt's maybe she would not object to him because he wore pants, he thought. Maybe she might be persuaded to take Mr. Jones for a husband. Billy almost hoped that she would hurry home from the Aid, he wanted to see the two together so.

"Is you much of a cusser?" he asked solemnly, "cause if you is you'll hatter cut it out on these premises." Mr. Jones seemed much surprised and hurt at the question.

"An oath never passed these lips," replied the truthful gentleman.

"Can you churn?"

"Churn—churn?" with a reminiscent smile, "I can churn like

top."

Jimmy was dying of curiosity, by the gate was too far away for him to do more than catch a word now and then. It was also out of Sarah Jane's visual line, so she knew nothing of the stranger's advent.

"And you're here all by yourself?" insinuated Billy's new friend. "And the folks next door, where are they?"

"Mrs. Garner's at the Aid, an' Mr. Garner's gone to Memphis. That is they little boy a-settin' in they yard on they grass," answered the child.

"I've come to fix your Aunt Minerva's water pipe," said the truth-loving Mr. Jones. "Come, show me the way; I'm the plumber."

"In the bath room?" asked the child. "I didn't know it needed no fixin'."

He led the agreeable plumber through the hall, down the long back porch to the bath room, remarking:

"I'll jes' watch you work." And he seated himself in the only chair.

Here is where Billy received one of his greatest surprises of his life. The fascinating stranger grabbed him with a rough hand and blazed:

"Don't you dare open your mouth or I'll crack your head open and scatter your brains. I'll eat you alive."

The fierce, bloodshot eyes, which had seemed so laughing and merry before, now glared into those of the little boy as the man took a stout cord from his pocket, bound Billy to the chair and gagged him with a large bath towel. Energetic Mr. Jones took the key out of the door, shook his fist at the child, and went out, and locked the door behind him.

Jimmy seeing no hope of eluding Sarah Jane's vigilance, resorted to strategy and deceit.

"Tain't no fun setting out here," he called to her, "so I'm going in the house and take a nap."

She willingly consented, as she was through with her frowning and thought to snatch a few winks of sleep herself.

The little boy slipped quietly through the house, noiselessly across the back yard and into his father's big garden, which was separated from that of his neighbor by a high board fence. He quickly climbed the fence, flew across Miss Minerva's tomato patch and, tiptoed up her back steps to the back porch, his little bare feet giving no sign of his presence. Hearing curious noises coming from the bath room, where Billy was bumping the chair up and down in his efforts to release his mouth, he made for that spot, promptly unlocked the door and walked in. Billy by scuffling and tugging had freed his mouth from the towel that bound it at that moment.

"Hush!" he whispered as Jimmy

opened the door, "you'll get eat up alive if you don't look out." His tone was so mysterious and thrilling and he looked so scared tied to the chair that the younger boy's blood almost froze in his veins.

"What you doing all tied up so?" he asked, in low, frightened tones. "Mr. Algernon Jones done it. I spec' he's a robber an' is jes' a-robberin' right now," answered Billy.

"I'll untie you," said his chum. "Naw; you better not," said Billy bravely. "He might git away. You leave me jes' like he fixed me so's you can try to ketch him. I hear him in the dhin' room now. You leave me right here an' step over to yo' house an' phone to some mens to come and git him quick. Shet the do' ag'in an' don't make no noise. Fly, now!"

And Jimmy did fly. He again took the garden route and in a minute was at the telephone with the receiver to his ear.

"Hello! Is that you, Miss Central? This is me," he howled into the transmitter. "Gimme Miss Minerva's beau. I don't know his number, but he's got a office over my papa's bank."

His father being out of town, the little boy shrewdly decided that Miss Minerva's beau was the next best man to help capture the robber.

"Miss Minerva what lives by me," he shrieked.

Fortunately Central recognized his childish voice and was willing to humor him, so as she too knew Miss Minerva's beau the connection was quickly made.

"Hello! Is that you, major? This is me. If you don't want Mr. Algernon Jones to be robbing everything Miss Minerva's got you getter get a

move on and come right this minute. You got to hustle and bring 'bout a million pistols and guns and swords and tomahawks and all the mens you can find and dogs. He's the fiercest robber ever was, and he's already done tie Billy to the bath room chair and done eat up 'bout a million cold biscuits, I spec'. All of us is 'bout to be slewed. Goodby."

The plump, round gentleman at the other end of the wire heard this amazing message in the utmost confusion and consternation. He frantically rang the telephone again and again but could get no answer from the Garner's home so he put on his hat and walked the short distance to Miss Minerva's house.

Jimmy was waiting to receive him at the front gate, having again eluded Sarah Jane's vigilance.

"Hush!" he whispered mysteriously, "he's in the dhin' room. Ain't you bringin' nobody else? Get your pistol and come on."

Mr. Algernon Jones, feeling safe and secure for the next hour and having partaken of a light lunch, was in the act of transferring some silver spoons from the sideboard to his pockets when a noise at the dining room door caused him to look in that direction. With an oath he sprang forward, and landed his fist upon the nose of a plump gentleman standing there, bringing a stream of blood and sending him sprawling to the floor. Mr. Jones overturned a big-eyed little boy who was in his way, and walking rapidly in the direction of the railroad, the erstwhile plumber was seen no more.

(To be Continued.)

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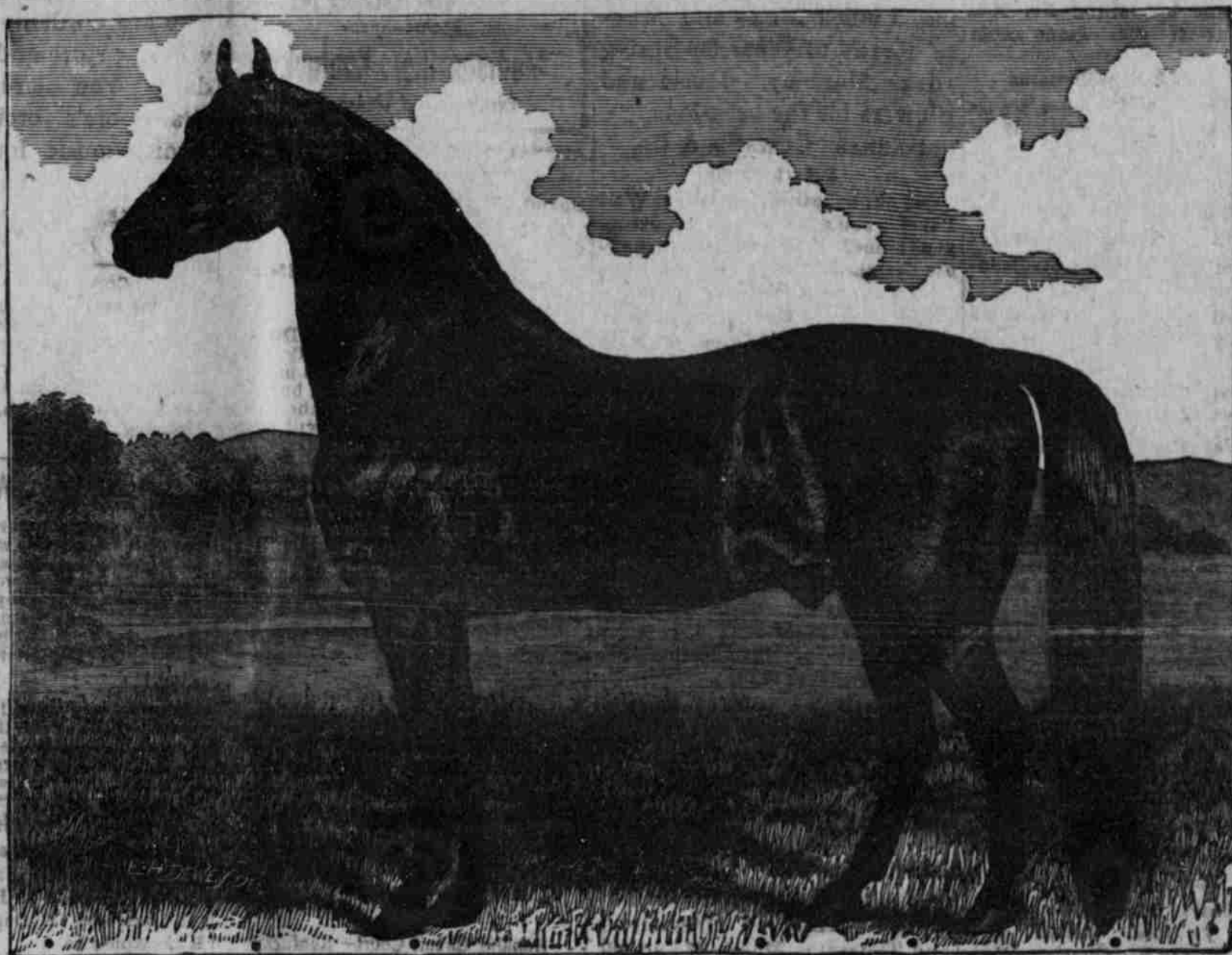
DRUG DEPARTMENT

The Loved and Lost.

A bachelor shouldn't feel sad as he sits and thinks of the beautiful girl that was. So many more bachelors have no girl that was!—Lippincott's Magazine.

Woman's "Serfdom."

A half-grown man is, of course, a tyrant. And so it has come about that the rule of man in the world has for many ages meant the serfdom of woman.—Edward Carpenter.



NOTICE

To the public, Stallions and Jacks in service. Will make the season of 1912 with Hal Price P-58G. S. P. H. B. R. and High Lynn 2688 A. S. H. B. R. at my barn, located on the Greenville and Princeton road 5 miles east of Dawson Springs and 2 1-2 miles west of St. Charles and 1 mile south of Crabtree Coal mines, Hopkins Co., Ky.

Hal Price is the Stallion I purchased from D. M. Clark, Dawson Springs, Ky., last year and is too well known to breeders of this section to require any comment on his superior qualities. Hal Price P-58G. is a son of Brown Hal 2:12 1-2 and is a brother to Star Pointer 1:59 1-4, the world's famous race horse whose race record has never been equaled by any horse dead or living, so I deem it useless to go into detail about the great speed ability of the "Hal" family, as they are universally acknowledged the greatest of all families for extreme speed horses. Not only this, but they have won the admiration and commendation of all who have been so fortunate to come in ownership of one of these great horses. As to even temperament, cool-headed and quiet disposition they are without an equal. As to substance, stamina and good conformation they are unsurpassed, as to color, finish and action they are the superior of any. To sum it all in a nutshell, Hal Price is one of America's richest bred harness stallions and one of the strongest individuals in the world. It is embarrassing to his present owner to have to offer his service at such a low fee, but in view of the fact that we have a very inferior class of mares to mate with him, he will be permitted to serve for the very low fee of \$15.00 to insure a living colt. High Lynn 2688, one of Kentucky's high class saddle stallions; he is an unbred Cabbell's Lexington, having three crosses to this famous strain of saddle horse breeding. High Lynn 2688, sired by High Wave 1241, he by Duluth 79, he by Cabbell's Lexington F. S., he by Gist's Black Hank, he by Blood's Black Hawk, High Lynn's first dam Adah Crutchfield 1309, she by Lynn Boyd 44, he by Tom Boyd 90, he by Cabbell's Lexington F. S., High Wave's dam, by Miller's Lexington 45, he by Cabbell's Lexington F. S. If you want a high class big style good doing Saddle horse, High Lynn 2688 is far in advance of anything in this section of the country for that class of horses. High Lynn and Hal Price are 16 hands high each, both are beautiful seal brown in color, High Lynn weighing 1175 lbs in medium flesh, Hal Price weighing 1200 lbs in same condition. If you mate your good mares with either of these great stallions, you not only avoid a mistake but you may feel assured that you are doing a cash business. The two great stallions will serve mares this season for exactly the same fee \$15.00 to insure living colt.

Also two good Jacks, Black Bass and Dewey will serve at \$8.00 to insure a colt, money due when colt is foaled or mare traded or transferred without my consent.

Correspondence and visitors solicited, call Cumberland Phone 48 2, St. Charles, Ky., or address,

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